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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Sailed To-Day.

Sailed to-day :

Faced the gray seas and white winter skies,
None watched from the quay with straining eyes.

Sailed to-day :

Far in his distant home, sad faces bow
And whisper, "Is his ship anchored now?"

Sailed to-day :

A tearless mother muses on the morn
They bade her cheer, because her boy was born.

Sailed to-day :

And those who loved him best urged on his flight,
The bitter message reached him but last night.

Sailed to-day :

With laugh and boon companions left behind
To mock him in the ghostly midnight wind.

Sailed to-day :

The day of loving parting is so sad,
But we have learned to think such day is glad.

Sailed to-day :

We mourn with torture-tears that drop within,
Whiten our hair, and wear our faces thin.

Sailed to-day :

O cold gray seas! O sullen winter skies!
Will there ever be summer in our eyes?

Sailed to-day :

Well, ships go out, but they come back again—
A day of joy completes long months of pain.

Sailed to-day :

And some ships go out with lead and come with gold—
Sad hearts have hopes too daring to be told.

Sailed to-day :

Shall we not always feel this biting cold?
There is no summer when the heart is old.

Sailed to-day :

O God! who to the farthest deep goes down,
Who knows the stranger in the foreign town,

Out of our reach is still in reach of You,

That God who cares for sparrows loves him who

Sailed to-day!

ISABELLA FVIE MAYO.

—*Cassell's Magazine.*

The Scholar.

At the present day there is a tendency to depreciate those higher branches of education which characterize the scholar—a tendency to place merit rather in dress than in the mind. The dollar, and not mental development, is that by which the present judges; but happily the taste of

the age is not to be taken as the standard, and the time will come when the rich man will be forgotten, and the scholar, the man of worth, of true refinement, will have his merits weighed in the scale of justice, and will receive the praise due him; but he will long since have vanished from earth, and have furnished another proof of the old saying that "he who would be praised must first die." Then, when both have died, mankind expects no farther succor from either; and justice—equal justice—is done to both: each receives his meed of praise. And he of them who has contributed to the real benefit of the human race, who has by the greatness of his mind proved himself worthy the praise and gratitude of mankind, is thus adjudged by the historian, and his name is inscribed upon his immortal pages, there to remain as a monument of his greatness, for the admiration of men.

It is not wealth that influences the critic and historian in his judgment of the man, but mental refinement and worth. And as education is the great source of mental refinement, it becomes us to some extent to speak thereon, though it is a subject that every schoolboy has written upon many times, perhaps; but we trust it will be deemed a sufficient apology for us if, instead of speaking of it in general, we particularize, and speak more of some of those branches which in our opinion tend more than others to mental refinement.

In glancing back over the pages of modern literature, we are not a little surprised on finding so many classical scholars among the names inscribed thereon. Those men whose names hold the higher places in the catalogue of fame have, with *very* few exceptions, been men who knew their Latin and Greek. And when we find one among them who was not a classical scholar, we feel a regret that he did not know those two noble languages, that his genius might have been enhanced, and his writings, which bespeak great natural talents, have placed him higher in the scale of authors, and caused his name to shine forth more brilliantly. Thus do we say of Bunyan. It does not answer to merely have read the translations of the great geniuses of antiquity; for though the sentiments may, to a great extent, be preserved in the translations, the language does not conform, and the translation holds the same relation to the original as does the photograph to the individual: the varied expressions of countenance are not present; and the translator instead of stamping the translation with the likeness of the author has left the impress of his own mind. Besides, that nicety of expression, beauty and refinement are worn away in the process of translation, and the translation itself, to make the best of it, is labored and imperfect. The genius of one language does not suit the literature of another. Then, again, those authors who have come down to us have so much pith in

their writings that they are well worth our attention. It is this which has kept them above the surface, and caused them to flow gently down the stream of time until now when we are reaping great profit from them. But we need go no further in endeavoring to bring the value of the classics into general appreciation than to say that all great men do and have highly commended their study to the student. And why should we discuss their utility when they themselves have asserted it? The great generals, statesmen, orators, poets, philosophers, historians and essayists, have nearly all been men of classical attainments. These are the men to whom the country looks to render her signal service in time of need.

It is by the scholars of a country that the country is judged, and takes her rank among the nations of the globe. Thus at the present day do we acknowledge the first place to Germany. And where do we find more learned men? Though we cannot praise the tendency of education in Germany, we cannot help acknowledging the great service her scholars have rendered to philology and many of the other sciences. Alexander Von Humboldt, Müller, Schlegel, and a multitude of others scarcely less eminent, are men whose names reflect honor upon Germany, and to whom she owes the high rank which she now holds among nations.

Though the classical scholars of a country tend much to enhance the esteem of other people for that nation, and go a great way to give to her the title of "seat of learning," still within the last century a branch of education which before was valued but little has so advanced as to claim the attention of all who would lay a just claim to the appellation of a *scholar*. This is Natural History. The wonders that the study and investigation of the natural sciences has laid open to the eyes of mankind are truly astonishing, and it is with justice that the scientist has been assigned a high place among the scholars and learned men of the world. The service he renders religion, mankind and his country in laying open the history of the rocks therein and exposing her mineral resources, are no longer to be called in question. And justly may mankind feel proud of such men as Cuvier, Agassiz, Dana, Lyell and others who have signalized and made themselves eminent by the zeal with which they have applied themselves to scientific research, and the great and more than satisfactory results that have attended their investigations.

While thus the scholar makes himself beneficial to his country and mankind, there is to him a pleasure even beyond the gratification of being thus a useful member of society. The philologist has his delight and self-gratification in observing the similarity that exist between the different languages of a family, and between the different families of language themselves, tracing each back to its parent stock, and deducing the conclusion in his own mind that the time must have been when "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech." The classical scholar reads the "tale of Troy" time and time again, and is enchanted with the simplicity, grandeur and sublimity of the narrative. The naturalist picks up a little bone, and a whole animal is pictured before his mind's eye; a stone, and the history of its formation is opened before him, and he reads therefrom; he beholds the rocks of the different ages, and the wonders of the Creation are exposed to his view. What pleasure must not these things afford the man of learning, who is able to some extent to appreciate them! What sublime conceptions and grand ideas must

they not call up in his mind! Yet grand as these pleasures are, they are of the innocent order, and such as cannot fail to awaken in the mind of the truly wise and learned a great reverence for Him who at His simple word made all things thus. Such men care little or nothing for the opinion of the world, and little about temporary fame; they labor for truth, and unconsciously build their temple of fame in the mind of posterity, where their merits will be rightly judged and their labors appreciated. But, alas! men are not all of this class. Some instead of using their knowledge for the cause of *religion* and *truth*, use it rather to shake the faith of men, and remove the necessity of a Creator. To such is the old saying, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," very applicable. They have lost sight of the Creator in admiring the wonders of His works. Such men have not the "beginning of wisdom," and cannot justly be called scholars, for the word scholar necessarily implies wisdom to some extent. This, however, depends greatly upon the institution at which the individual is educated; for if the institution administers a "godless education," as alas, too many do, do not cause religion and education to walk side by side, hand in hand, the graduate is either indifferent on the subject of religion or is an infidel.

As we have seen, the influence the scholar may exercise upon the minds of men is very great, for the "pen is mightier than the sword," and when wielded by a man of learning is eminently so. The part he has to play, then, is an important one, and great and honorable are the responsibilities that devolve upon him. Whether he play it well or not, posterity is to judge and the historian to chronicle; he may do much good or evil according as he uses those powers which God has given him and which education has developed. G.

Elocution.

We must admit that there was some good in the men of the "ancient times of old antiquity," and though it be with reluctance that we of this enlightened age admit the fact, still it must be done, and as it must be done, we may as well do it gracefully, and go farther—so far as to set them up as shining examples that ought in some respects to be imitated. There was one old gentleman, for instance, who used to speak with pebbles in his mouth, and to go down by the sea shore to spout to the rolling billows,—in fact, he put himself to considerable inconvenience, the result of all of which was that he made an orator of himself.

Though we do not advise young men to invest at once in a gravel bank, or to seek the far-off sea, in order to follow the above shining example, we do insist that they should take some pains to drill themselves so as to become good speakers. It is painful to see the awkwardness exhibited not only by school-boys and college students, but also by men whose duty it is to speak in public. This awkwardness is the result of a want of training, whether this want comes from the lack of opportunity, or from their not having taken advantage of opportunities offered. At the College, here, there is no lack of opportunity, and if any one finishes his course without being a finished speaker, it is because he has failed to take advantage of the means presented to him, and almost forced upon him. We have already spoken about this matter, for we think it of the greatest importance. We are all called upon at one time

or another to speak in public; and though it is not possible for all to become great orators, yet every one who has had the advantage of studying in a college should not only know how to write a speech, but also how to deliver it. The fact, however, is that those who are best capable of writing a speech, are the very ones who are least capable of delivering it well.

To become an elocutionist in the true sense of the word one must learn to do what Dr. Johnson declared was done by Garrick, the celebrated actor. When asked his opinion of the reputation attained by that wonderful interpreter of Shakespeare, he replied: "Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired, for having *seized the soul of Shakespeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world!*" Yes, herein lies the secret of elocution; one must seize the soul of the author whose thoughts he would reproduce, he must embody that soul in himself, making it a part of his own being, and then he will speak with that forcible eloquence which alone deserves the name of elocution.

It is quite evident that if a man does not fully comprehend the meaning of the author whom he wishes to reproduce, he cannot, with any degree of precision, present the thoughts of that author to his hearers. Hence the first step towards good speaking consists in mastering the thoughts, the meaning, involved in the piece to be rendered. This is accomplished by a careful analysis of the author's work, noting the logical connection of ideas, and determining the object which the author had in view when he wrote the piece in question. This is the first step, but by no means the most important.

Having ascertained the meaning of the author, the next and most important step is, as Dr. Johnson has it, to seize and embody in oneself the soul of the author. This is accomplished by studying carefully the character of the man, ascertaining his peculiarities, his habits of thought, his natural disposition and temper—in a word, the tone of his mind.

Then comes the last step, which consists in putting oneself in that man's place, creating in oneself, for the time at least, a tone and habit of thought similar to his, and striving to *feel* as he most likely felt while writing, or as he would probably feel were he to deliver orally what he has written.

Thus prepared, and "worked up" into the spirit of the author, the speaker may fearlessly come forward, and feel perfectly confident that with ordinary speaking ability he will express forcibly the thoughts of the author. And this is true elocution.

The Dies Iræ.

We came across the following excellent remarks on the *Dies Iræ* in an old number of the *Metropolitan*, published at Baltimore in the year 1856.

Who can sufficiently admire the charity which the Catholic Church entertains for her children? In infancy, she receives them; during life, she watches over them; in death, she hovers round them; and when the earth closes upon them, she follows them to the throne of the heavenly spouse, and interposes her supplications in their behalf.

How hard, how inconsolable is death to those who believe that the ties of parental love and filial affection are buried in the grave of a father, or chilled in the tomb of a mother! who are forbidden to kneel at the parental grave,

and with uplifted eyes whisper a prayer, a requiem for those whom they so fondly cherished on earth. To these, death is truly death! But not so with the Catholic. For him death is divested of half its terrors. The tomb is but a veil which separates him from the parents he loved and the friends whom he cherished on earth. With the eyes of faith he beholds them. The venerated form of a father or mother rises before him. He sees beneath the shades of the tomb the brother of his heart, the sister of his fondness, or perhaps the child of his affection. From the shores of eternity he holds sweet communion with those who were most dear to him in this vale of affliction; and when human nature would sink in sorrow and in sadness, he seeks relief for his tears in offering to Heaven a prayer for the repose of their souls. He knows that if God be a God of goodness, He is also a God of justice; he knows that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and, fearful lest some stain or blemish may still detain them from that happy abode, he feels a consolation that none but Catholics can feel, in being able to aid them with his prayers, and in saying in all the fervor of his heart: O God, be merciful to their souls!

Sublime and heavenly teaching! If it were not of divine precept, how can man reject a doctrine which touches the finest chords of the human heart!—a doctrine so consonant with the first dictates of human nature!

But we are wandering from the subject on which we intended to pen a few words. It is not our intention to treat of the doctrine of purgatory, or even to exhort our readers to the duty they owe to the souls of the faithful departed, but simply to dwell for a few moments on the historical associations connected with that beautiful Catholic hymn, the *Dies Iræ*, which forms a part of the solemn service for the dead.

No composition of the same length has been so long and so universally admired as the *Dies Iræ*. The solemn grandeur of the measure, and the dread solemnity of the theme, render it a poem that cannot be read without producing in the mind mingled feelings of melancholy and awe. The hardest heart will yield to softness under its influence. Even Dr. Johnson, stern and rugged as was his nature, could not, it is said, repeat without shedding tears the following verse:

"Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus,
Tantus labor non sit cassus."

The admiration of Sir Walter Scott for this hymn is well known. In a letter to the poet Crabbe he says: "To my Gothic ear the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ* and some other hymns in the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan: the one has the gloomy dignity of the Gothic Church, and reminds us constantly of the worship to which it is dedicated; the other is more like a pagan temple recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities." In his last days of life and reason he was often heard repeating verses from this hymn, with quotations from the sacred writings. "Very often," says his biographer, "we heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*." Its lines, in like manner, haunted the dying hours of an earlier poet, the Earl of Roscommon. He was the author of an English version of this hymn, and as we learn from Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, uttered the moment when he expired, with great energy and fervor, two lines of his own translation of the *Dies Iræ*:"

"My God, my father and my friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!"

Upon the *Dies Iræ* Mozart founded his celebrated "Requiem," the last and one of the greatest of his works. The excitement of his feelings whilst engaged in this celebrated composition is said to have hastened his death, which occurred before he had fully completed his task. Ancina, at the time a professor of medicine in the University of Turin, was on a certain occasion assisting at Mass when the *Dies Iræ* was chanted and was so deeply affected by it that he determined to abandon the world. He did so, and afterwards became Bishop of Saluzzo. Knapp, distinguished among the sacred poets of Germany, though a Protestant, was unbounded in his admiration of the *Dies Iræ*. He compares the original to a blast from a trumpet of the resurrection, and while he himself attempts a version of it, pronounces the original inimitable in any translation. The effect produced on the mind by hearing it performed is often overwhelming. "It was impossible," says a writer describing it as performed in one of the great churches in Germany, "to refrain from tears, when, at the seventh stanza, all the trumpets ceased, and the choir, accompanied by a softened tone of the organ, sang those touching lines:

"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?"

It would be an interesting task to trace the *Dies Iræ* through the various translations into which it has been rendered. They are perhaps hundreds. Lisco, in an appendix to the *Stabat Mater*, of which he gives fifty-three versions, mostly German, subjoins seventeen versions of the *Dies Iræ*. Leche, a German poet, is said to have rendered twelve several versions of this hymn. The English translations are also numerous. One of the earliest and most admired is that of Crashaw, a poet of merit. Crashaw was a clergyman of the English Church during the reign of Charles I, and became a convert to the Catholic faith. His translation of the *Dies Iræ*, in the judgment of Pope, was the best of his compositions. In later days we have many translations. The version inserted in several of the larger Catholic prayer-books, commencing

"That day of wrath, that direful day,
Shall in the heavens the Cross display,
And all the world in ashes lay,"

is far superior to most of the translations we have met with. The Rev. Isaac Williams' translation possesses much merit, especially of certain stanzas. There is something remarkably striking in his rendition of the third and fourth stanzas:

"When the trumpets' thrilling tone,
Through the tombs of ages gone,
Summons all before the throne;

"Death and Time shall stand aghast!
And Creation, at the blast,
Shall rise to answer for the past."

The following translation of the same stanzas, which we take from "St. Joseph's Manual," does not possess the same power and effect:

"His trumpet sounds a dreadful tone;
The noise through all the grave is blown,
And calls the dead before the throne.

"Nature and death shall stand and gaze
When creatures shall their bodies raise,
And answer for their ill-spent days."

There are other very excellent translations of this poem; that by the Rev. Richard C. French, beginning:

"O that day, that day of ire
Told of prophet, when in fire
Shall a world, dissolved expire!"

is possessed of merit; but his language generally is too tame, lacking in that energy which the subject requires.

It is a little curious that the authorship of this beautiful hymn is still involved in doubt and uncertainty. It is usually ascribed to one of the Franciscan Orders, and supposed to have been written towards the close of the thirteenth century. By some it is ascribed to Cardinal Ursini or to Cardinal Frangipani, who died in the year 1294; by others to Humber, fifth General of the Order of St. Dominic. The Order of St. Francis, in its early history, seems to have cultivated sacred poetry. St. Francis, its illustrious founder, is said to have written several poetical compositions; and to Jacopone, one of its earliest members, is ascribed the authorship of the *Stabat Mater*.

The Plaintiff that would have Justice.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LENTNER.

The inhabitants of the little town of Glurns, in the Tyrol, have been always remarkable for their love of justice. Of this they gave a memorable example in 1519. Swarms of field-mice committed such ravage that it was at last determined to destroy them. But first of all it was necessary to obtain execution against them, so that the proceeding might be strictly according to law. The case then was regularly tried. A lawyer was assigned to the field-mice, who pleaded in their favor with great eloquence, and neglected nothing that might contribute to their acquittal. His efforts proving unsuccessful, the town-crier formally ordered the field-mice to leave the country; they did not obey, and then at last recourse was had to a legal massacre.

The best hotel in this conscientious town is known by the name of the *Stork Tavern*. The stabling department is here particularly excellent and deservedly remunerative to the ostler. Travellers, wagoners, horse-dealers, the farmers who furnish oats, hay and straw, and the millers who supply the establishment with bran, all find it their interest to leave Dietrick substantial tokens of their gratitude. Accordingly the honest fellow considers himself quite a personage of some importance. His air, his words, his gait, his dress, reveal the high opinion which he entertains of himself. He is always neatly dressed, and his boots are always radiant with the best blacking: a beautiful ring sparkles on his finger: his *meerschauum* has a bright silver lid almost as big as a saucer. But his greatest ornaments—the chief sources of his pride—are, or rather were, his umbrella of amaranth-colored silk, and his blue double-caped cloak. He hardly ever appeared in public without these appendages. Even on the finest Sunday he went to walk with his umbrella under his arm, and it must be a day of very extraordinary heat indeed when he omitted to buckle on the cloak. As some justification, however, for this custom, it may not be improper to mention that in the upper valleys of the Tyrol winter reigns supreme eight months of the year, and that the water remains solidly frozen for five or six.

But a cloak worn every day cannot last very long, and one morning Dietrick suddenly discovered that his had grown threadbare. He blushed when he thought that

many other eyes might have already made the same discovery. He immediately determined never again to wear a garment unworthy of him. The cold season was approaching: at the fair of St. Michael he concluded the business with a Jew, who both sold him the necessary quantity of cloth for making up a new cloak, and bought his old one.

The new purchase was a splendid and valuable piece of goods. It was as glossy as silk. Dietrick, in raptures, took it to the house of Master Pancratz, the chief tailor of the place, and ordered him to make it into one of the most beautiful cloaks ever seen. The artist promised to execute a masterpiece, but as he was just then rather pressed with business, he said that he could not possibly have it done before St. Martin's day, the eleventh of November. Dietrick would not entrust such a serious undertaking to a vulgar hand. He would wait then till St. Martin's day, but he told the tailor to keep his promise. The month of October was icy cold: a northwest wind roared in the valley, bringing on winter prematurely. But Dietrick bravely bore up against the nipping frost: in imagination he saw himself enveloped in his splendid cloak, and the pleasure produced in anticipation by the magnificent article of dress rendered him perfectly insensible to the inclemency of the weather.

Dietrick still preserved none the less of his fine airs, and gave himself all the majesty compatible with his fat cheeks, his beet-root complexion, and his bottle-nose, which was, moreover, badly shaped, and by no means harmonized with his other features.

Every time he met the tailor he naturally asked him: "Well, how is my cloak getting on?" "It is on hand," Master Pancratz would reply; "when it is finished, I tell you the like of it was never seen at Augsburg, nor even at Munich."

Six weeks passed away. The Sunday before St. Martin's day, the faithful tailor appeared before Dietrick with his work carefully wrapped up. Dietrick was dressing for Mass.

"Just in time, Master Pancratz," said he: "the bell will ring in a quarter of an hour."

The artist untied his handkerchief, and with an air of satisfaction gleaming through his professional coolness, he opened out the superb garment, taking care to display all its beauties in the sunlight. Dietrick's countenance literally blazed with joy. "Never before," he exclaimed, "was ostler so magnificently arrayed;" and receiving the soft, rich, heavy cloak on his shoulders, he began to feel for the sleeves. But he could find no opening.

"I believe you have sewed up the sleeves," he said at last to the tailor.

"Sowed up the sleeves?" replied Pancratz. "That would be rather a difficult job, permit me to say, seeing it has got no sleeves at all."

"No sleeves at all?" cried Dietrick, completely horror-struck.

"Not a blessed sleeve," replied the tailor.

"And why didn't you make sleeves, you old blockhead?" cried Dietrick, now quite beside himself. "Made no sleeves! What an abomination! Did you want me to die of spite and anger? It is enough to set a saint mad! No sleeves! And why, in the name of everything stupid and intolerable, *didn't* you make sleeves?"

"In the first place you did not give me cloth enough," answered the tailor; "and in the second, you did not say

a single word about them. I did not think you wanted them. Besides, they are no longer the fashion."

"Where are they no longer the fashion, pray?"

"At Vienna, at Paris!"

"But I am in Glurns, in the Tyrol! I would not dare to venture out in a cloak without sleeves! What a wretched excuse! And you pretend, besides, that you had not got cloth enough! That's not the truth, Mr. Tailor. That's not the truth! You cabbaged half of it. You had enough to have made six sleeves at least. I understand very well how it is: you snipped off enough to make two or three pairs of pantaloons, and as many waistcoats, for your boys."

Hearing these unjust reproaches, Master Pancratz became angry in his turn. His old grey head shook with passion, while he cried out:

"Are you mad, Mr. Ostler? It is easily seen that you spent your life only among horses. Three pairs of pantaloons and as many waistcoats for my children! Why don't you say I cabbaged enough to clothe all the village?"

"But I gave you ten ells of cloth."

"But prove that with ten ells of cloth I had enough to make the sleeves too."

"There is no need to prove it: it is as clear as day. You would want thirty ells, wouldn't you? At that rate you would soon make your fortune."

"Since you persist in taking it up that way," cried the exasperated Pancratz, "justice must decide between us. I will allow no man to insult me and treat me like a rogue."

"Go and get justice!" replied Dietrick, as angry as ever. "I must have a coat with sleeves, or not one at all."

"Suit yourself in that respect," said Master Pancratz; and he left the room without saluting him.

On the very first court-day, after this dispute, Dietrick appeared before the provincial judge. He deposited the cloak as his chief witness, and said to the magistrate:

"I appeal to your equity: Master Pancratz has made me a cloak without sleeves, though I gave him ten ells of blue cloth. Can I wear a ridiculous garment? Am I to leave a portion of my cloth in the hands of the tailor? Assuredly not. I come then to claim your assistance: let me have justice!"

The Judge was unwilling to decide before he had heard both sides of the question.

"Your case requires consideration," he observed to the plaintiff. "You have deposited your cloak: that is well. I will have Master Pancratz summoned before me. I will hear his reasons, I will examine yours, and I shall try to settle your difference according to the strict letter of the law."

The tailor was summoned, and appeared before the Judge, to whom he presented a paper where he had written out all his measures, and particularized the quantity of cloth employed in each part of the cloak. He then gave verbal explanations to prove that an inch of cloth could not have remained over. The ostler denied the correctness of the calculations, and made a vigorous speech. Pancratz replied in a fury: Dietrick rejoined, and the Judge, bewildered, declared that he should obtain assistance in order to decide such a difficult question, and adjourned the case for future consideration.

In the interval Dietrick often secretly watched the tailor's children, and employed others to watch them, hoping by this means to discover under the form of little waistcoats and pantaloons the sleeves whose absence he took so much to heart. However, not the slightest shred of blue

cloth could be seen. He himself sounded Pancratz's apprentice, bribing him with a glass of wine to induce him to reveal the truth if his master had appropriated even ever so little a piece. But he could discover nothing. Pancratz came off victorious even in this artful investigation. He brought forward two other tailors to give testimony in his favor before the court.

"No man," said he, "is bound to do what is physically impossible: and whatever way one sets about it, ten ells of cloth are not enough to make a double-caped cloak with sleeves."

The two witnesses acquiesced in this assertion.

"The Judge can perhaps see clearer into this matter than we," said one of them; "but for our part our conscience compels us to pronounce Master Pancratz completely innocent. To make a cloak with two capes and two sleeves out of ten ells of cloth would be one of the greatest wonders ever seen."

This should have been sufficient to clear the tailor, but Dietrick impeached the veracity of his witnesses, called for a more searching examination of the matter, and demanded other arbitrators. Seven tailors of the district accordingly received orders to appear in court, together with the instruments of their profession. The Judge had them shut up in the record-room, surrendered them the bone of contention, and ordered them to examine the question in all its bearings.

After some deliberation the tailors decided on ripping up the cloak, and measuring each piece separately. They did so, and at the end of the operation they found a deficiency of one ell.

"What I said was right then!" cried Dietrick, intoxicated with his triumph. "Master Pancratz is dishonest! One ell missing! Just enough to make me a pair of splendid sleeves!"

But old Pancratz did not consider himself vanquished; he appealed from the decision of the seven tailors, and at his instance the Judge consented to summon from Innsbruck two celebrated artists, to whom their practice in a great city should have given qualifications for judging superior to those of the tailors of the district.

In the interim the time was slipping away: the altercation had lasted two months, and it was now in the middle of February. The snow covered the roads, drifted through the narrow streets of Glurns, and formed deep layers on the mountain sides. Icicles hanging from the eaves gave the houses a joyless aspect. All the winds of heaven contributed to the severity of the season, those of the south not excepted, for they became icy blasts while crossing the chain of the Alps. Fully convinced that he should soon recover his cloak, Dietrick would not purchase another; to be sure, he almost froze to death in his waistcoat, but what matter? He had justice on his side, and could not fail to gain his cause.

The two tailors of Innsbruck obeyed the order of the provincial judge. They examined the cloak in its analyzed condition, and came to a different conclusion from that of the seven sages of Glurns. The latter had forgotten to deduct the inevitable losses occasioned by cutting, and tucking in at the seams. After giving the matter the closest examination they found nothing more was missing than about the third of an ell; and of such a small quantity of cloth it was impossible to make sleeves. The Judge, at last convinced, gave judgment, clearing Master Pancratz, and condemning the plaintiff to costs. The tailor walked

through the village with a triumphant air, and sang louder than ever at Vespers, as if to celebrate his great victory.

But the proud Dietrick could not restrain his rage. He appealed to the tribunal at Innsbruck,—the Austrian law permitting this recourse to different degrees of jurisdiction,—and the elements of the cloak were transported to the capital of the Tyrol. Winter was over, and the warm breezes blew merrily over the country. "Now," said Dietrick, "I can easily await the decision of the new judges;" and he hired a skilful lawyer. But his opponent was as obstinate. The cloak travelled from Innsbruck to Linz, and from Linz to the High Court at Vienna. Dietrick had paid about thirteen dollars for the cloth: the lawsuit has already cost him more than one hundred. He has passed the present severe winter without a cloak, but has caught a cold, which makes him cough dreadfully. He thinks that the fine weather is very slowly coming round, but he has no notion of giving up. "I know they must award me my cloak at last," he says, while his teeth chatter with the cold; "for I have right on my side, and justice must prevail."

Books and Periodicals.

REAL LIFE. By Madame Mathilda Froment, (Mme. Bourdon.) Author of "A Poor Relative," "Leontine," etc., etc. Translated from the French by Miss Newlin, Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 174 W. Baltimore St. 1876. 12mo., cloth extra, pp. 261. Price \$1.50; cloth gilt, \$2.00.

"Real Life" is an interesting book. The authoress has given us the journal supposed to have been kept by a young wife and mother from the time of her leaving her convent school until old age comes upon her. It has been Madame Froment's endeavor to lay open to view the workings of a maternal heart, "seeking," she says in her preface, "to portray truth alone above all things, and dispelling the romantic hues with which young minds embellish life, by lifting a corner of the curtain and showing the life of a woman as daughter, wife and mother, with her difficulties, her struggles and rewards, the thoughts of God and the great teachings of religion intervening always to moderate her joy and console her sorrow." Although written more especially for young mothers, it cannot fail to please all readers. The religious spirit which is visible throughout cannot but have a good effect on the heart of the reader.

ST. ELIZABETH, THE LILY OF PORTUGAL. By the Author of "Life in the Cloister," etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 174 W. Baltimore St. 1876. 18mo. cloth. Pp. 140. Price 60 cts.

ST. ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN OF HUNGARY. By the Author of "Life in the Cloister," etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 174 W. Baltimore St. 1876. 18mo. cloth. Pp. 96. Price 50 cts.

ST. ELIZABETH, THE MATRON OF ISRAEL, MOTHER OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. By the Author of "Life in the Cloister," etc. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 174 W. Baltimore St. 1876. 18mo. cloth. Pp. 72. Price 50 cts.

We are greatly pleased with the above short biographical sketches of the three Elizabeths. Miss Agnes M. Stewart has written them in that style which pleases the young. They are well adapted to be placed on the shelves of parochial school libraries and will be general favorites with young people. The lives of the saints, when well written, are the books which parents and pastors are pleased to see in the hands of children. They exercise a good influence on all who read them, and are the best antidote for the pernicious literature, which is ruining the country. We are always pleased to encourage publishers when issuing books of the character of these lives of the Elizabeths.

HOW TO WRITE LETTERS: A Manual of Correspondence, showing the Correct Structure, Composition, Punctuation, Formalities, and Uses of the Various Kinds of Letters, Notes and Cards. By J. Willis Westlake, A. M. Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co. 1876. 264 pp. \$1.50.

There have been but comparatively few treatises on epistolary composition heretofore issued from the press,

and these few not of the most approved kind. Until the appearance of Mr. Westlake's book there was, we believe, no complete and systematic work on this very important subject, certainly none suited to modern requirements, for in the art of correspondence there is much that is conventional, changing from time to time according to the eccentricities of fancy or the requirements of public taste, and yet no gentleman or lady is supposed, and does not wish to be considered, ignorant of the forms most approved in polite society. Among all the conventional usages of society, letter-writing is, we believe, one of the most important, as well as one of the most general—one therefore which should receive particular attention in the education of youth,—and, to those who have not had the benefits of a liberal education, one which should be cultivated as much as possible by private study. Nearly everybody has more or less letter-writing to do, and to be able to write a good letter materially enhances its value to the reader. The art of letter-writing should therefore, as we before remarked, receive particular attention, and especially from the young. In schools, and primary classes in colleges, it will be found the easiest of all modes of composition, and at the same time one of the best, affording as it does a most advantageous field for the exercise of penmanship, spelling, grammar, diction, and the cultivation of the most pleasing modes of thought and expression. Among the works even of those who have become renowned in science and literature, not the least pleasing are their letters, as may be witnessed for instance in the case of such writers as the late Father Faber, Madame de Sévigné, Madame Swetchine, Eugénie de Guérin, Horace Walpole, Lady Montagu, and others. From this it will be seen how important elegance of style and correctness of form are in epistolary composition, and these are attainable only by a proper education of the faculties of thought, of observation, and by experience.

Letter-writing, like music, is an art,—one, too, that does much to determine a person's standing in cultured society, therefore the value of proper training and of a thorough text-book for early instruction should be duly appreciated. The author of the present volume has evidently brought to his task not only the ability to do his subject justice, but has spared no pains in making it as complete and elaborate as the limits of a handbook would allow. The plan of the work is broad and comprehensive, yet withal elaborate, and easily understood in details, paying particular attention to the classification, structure and rhetoric of letters, as well as the forms and uses of the various kinds of notes and cards. Forms, margins, paragraphing, punctuation, penmanship, capitalization, etc., etc., receive a due meed of attention, the whole illustrated by models at once clear and concise. Forms of address suiting all positions and requirements are given, those pertaining to dignitaries of the Catholic Church being contributed by Monsignor Seton. There are also lists of foreign words and phrases, customary abbreviations, etc., with remarks on their use. Altogether the work is one that in matter and manner is admirably suited to meet the wants not only of schools, but of private students and of society at large.

The publishers have gotten the book up in excellent taste: it is well-printed, gilt-edged, and elegantly bound. Mr. Westlake's work and Prof. Howard's "EXCELSIOR" cannot be too highly appreciated and encouraged. We endorse them in every respect, and give them preference over all others of their kind.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Tennyson has headed the subscription for Walt Whitman's poems in England.

—M. Gounod has terminated the score of "Polyeucte," which will be produced in the coming winter at the French Opera.

—The new quatuor by Signor Verdi is to be executed by the famous artists Savori, Wieniawski, Leonard and Servais.

—Bartholdy, the French sculptor, who modelled the colossal statue of Liberty for New York harbor, is now in that city.

—Dr. Maudsley is recasting his work on "The Physiol-

ogy and Pathology of Mind," extending the two parts into a volume each.

—Mr. Gladstone (*The Athenæum* says) is writing a paper on "Modern Religious Thought." It will appear in *The Contemporary Review* for June.

—The manuscript of Senhor Gomez, the Brazilian composer, who is engaged on a work for the Centennial, by command of the Emperor, will be ready probably in June.

—The Danish composer, M. Neils W. Gade, will leave Copenhagen this month for England, to be present at the rehearsals of his new oratorio, "Zion," which will be performed under his personal direction at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

—It has been decided to give a Centennial Eisteddfod with a number of Welsh singers, and the usual award of prizes. Prof. William G. Fischer, of Philadelphia, Carl Zerrahm, of Boston, and John P. Jones, of Chicago (?) are appointed judges to award the prizes in September.

—A musical contest will take place at Philadelphia during the month of July between bands and orchestras from all parts of the country. These performances will be succeeded by competitive performances of chamber music; and Handel's "*Te Deum*" will be given by all the singing societies of Philadelphia on the Fourth of July.

—Lucy Hooper writes from Paris: "It is whispered that Verdi is writing a grand opera, in five acts, entitled "King Lear," the libretto being, of course, adapted from the tragedy of Shakespere. The difficulty in producing it will lie in the fact that the modern stage possesses no basso profundo that the composer considers worthy of personating the hero."

—The London *Choir* speaks thus of Rubinstein's playing of Beethoven's Sonata, opus 53, at the Philharmonic concert in that city: "Such a magnificent performance of this great bravura composition we have never heard: remarkable not merely for the power and energy in the delivery of the grander passages, but for the delicacy and finish in other parts, deep feeling in the adagio, and balance and finish of style."

—Ernst Von Bandel, the aged sculptor, to whose unflagging exertions the erection of the Hermann Monument in the Teutoburg Forest is due, is going to Italy. During his stay in Southern Germany he received many proofs of public sympathy and recognition. He is 78 years of age, but still in vigorous health. Besides his work with the chisel, he is now writing his memoirs. For pleasure and exercise, he climbs the mountains, and manifests no fatigue.

—"The veteran author of 'Philip van Artevelde,' " says *The Athenæum*, "has been writing his autobiography. His dramas show, combined with true poetic feeling, the broad views and knowledge of human nature which have illustrated his long and useful official career; while, owing to a union of rare personal qualities, he has enjoyed the intimacy of many of the most distinguished men and women of two generations. His 'Memoirs,' therefore, which, it is to be hoped, may be given to the world during his lifetime, should be of more than ordinary interest."

—Enormous prices were obtained at the Hotel Drouot in Paris for a library of 1,000 volumes owned by a celebrated collector, all rare books and bound by the first artists. Of Trantz-Bauzonnet alone were more than 300 specimens: "La Sainte Bible," 1789-1804, in 12 vols., in 4to., \$4,900; "La Bible," de Mortier, bound by Padeloup, \$396; "A Passion," by A. Durer, Italian manuscript of the sixteenth century, \$1,430; "Les Heures Latines," manuscript of the fifteenth century, \$610; "Œuvres Spirituelles de Henri Suso," copy of Henry III, \$410; "Introduction a la Vie Devote," 1654, copy of Anne of Austria, \$360; "Essais de Montaigne," bound by Derome, \$380; "Le Pastissier François," in a charming binding, by Trantz-Bauzonnet, \$910; "Metamorphoses d'Ovide," bound by Derome, \$595; "Fables de la Fontaine," first edition, \$690; "Corneille" (Elzevir), 1664-76, \$820; "Moliere," 1666, \$1,140; "Rabelais," with engravings by B. Picart, bound by Padeloup, \$1,200; "Diogenis Epistolæ," Grolier's copy, \$410; "Plutarch," bound by Derome, \$820; "Cicero" (Elzevir), \$982; "Livy" (Elzevir), \$1,160; "Cornelius Nepos," Leyden, 1667, \$400. The library, which was valued at \$60,000, brought \$103,239.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

THE SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC may now be procured at the Students' Office, and at Jansen, McClurg & Co's. 117 and 119 State Street, Chicago.

Notre Dame, June 3, 1876.

May has Gone.

May, beautiful May, has come and gone, leaving as a souvenir of its welcome visit a mantle of refreshing verdure on hill and dale. Many had been the conjectures, upon its advent, mild and gentle, as to whether its leaving would be as calm and pleasant; but it has gone, leaving nothing but sweet memories behind it. May, beautiful rejuvenating May, is we doubt not a welcome visitor everywhere, albeit it sometimes comes in the borrowed mantle of its severe elder brother, March; but here at Notre Dame its visits are doubly welcome. This year has not been an exception to the generality of years; far from it. May has had a smiling, joyous countenance for everybody, and everybody was the happier therefor. Bright associations are connected with its visit this year. Its advent brought with it a visit from that good Prelate and most pleasant of visitors, Archbishop Lynch of Toronto, who in his own amiable and happy style spoke words of cheer, words of advice and golden counsel, words enlivened with anecdote and happy reminiscence, to the boys at Notre Dame; words that will ever be treasured by them in after years as seeds sown in their young minds in the happiest days of their life—their college days—when, lissom and free from care, they basked in the sunshine of *alma mater*. May God's benison ever attend good Archbishop Lynch and his labors in his land of pilgrimage. Later on, May also brought a visit from another illustrious and not less welcome personage, our own good Bishop Dwenger, who during the first few days of the Novena of Pentecost armed the young soldiers of Christ for the battle of life, confirmed them in their fealty to the saving Cross, strengthening them with the sevenfold graces of the Holy Spirit, and encouraged them to fight manfully the battle of life. May these young athletes of the Spirit cherish his holy counsels and heed well the cautions given for their guidance amid the shoals and quicksands that must inevitably surround them in the voyage of life.

No less pleasing in the associations connected with this beautiful Month, so happily dedicated to Mary Mother, has been the happy and safe return of Very Rev. Father Sorin after his perilous voyage to the Old World—a voyage that at one time threatened to be the last. May the inmates of Notre Dame never again be oppressed with such fear and anxiety as pervaded all minds here during the eventful December of 1875.

Yes, May has come and gone, leaving everyone happier for its visit. The beautiful May devotions are at an end for a year more, with their sweet songs to Mary Mother, now throned in Heaven as Queen of Angels and of Saints. May she one day welcome us, each and all, at the portals of the Kingdom of her Son and our God.

The St. Cecilians' Entertainment.

The Entertainment given by the St. Cecilians, June 1st, in Washington Hall, was one of the most enjoyable we have ever attended at Notre Dame. It began at half-past seven in the evening and lasted until half-past ten.

The Exhibition was given in honor of Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and in commemoration of his thirty-first voyage across the Atlantic ocean.

We were not treated to any music by the Brass Band, for which we return our musicians thanks. We hope that for the future no brass band will ever be allowed to deafen our ears in Washington Hall. As the Band was ruled out, the Entertainment began with the overture, "A Day in Vienna," by Suppé, which the Orchestra rendered in very good style. We hope the Orchestra will furnish music like it during Commencement-week. If it does, we are sure that the music then will be first-class, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious.

The next thing on the programme was a song—"I thought of thee," by Master E. Riopelle, with accompaniment by C. Otto—which was sung in a highly creditable manner. We would wish there were more vocal music at all our Entertainments, and trust that during Commencement-week our vocalists will be out in full force.

The address to Very Rev. Father General was read by Master A. K. Schmidt. The address was very well written, and very well read by the reader. We have spoken so frequently in high terms of Master Schmidt's reading that we think it unnecessary here to say more than that he read this one fully as well as any read by him on former occasions. After the address, "William Tell" was declaimed by Master Eugene Arnold, who is blessed with a really good voice. On this occasion he displayed it to excellent advantage; uniting it to good gesture, the young gentleman brought down the house with rounds of applause.

This being our Centennial year, it was thought only proper that some of the old songs should be given; for this reason Master W. Davis sang "Old Folks at Home," and sang it well. His singing was greeted with great applause, plainly an *encore*, but the young gentleman failed to respond, probably for the reason that time would not permit his doing so. The recitation "Our Boys," a little varied from Oliver Wendell Holmes, and introducing points of local interest, was given by Master W. Roelle, causing considerable merriment and bringing out peals of laughter.

The overture to *Belisario* was well rendered, as, indeed, was everything given by the Orchestra throughout the course of the Entertainment. The prologue to the play, written for the occasion, was spoken by Master Harry Faxon. It was short and sweet.

The play of the evening was "Henry IV," so arranged as to be played by male characters alone. It was most successfully acted. The character of "Henry IV" was taken by A. Ryan with much spirit. "Westmoreland" was well personated by D. Ryan, and "Sir Walter Blunt" by J. E. Nelson. Mr. Henry Faxon took the part of "Prince Hal" in a most admirable manner; his acting was graceful, easy and truthful; while Mr. Eugene Arnold personated "Sir Jack Falstaff"—fat and funny—in a style which brought down the house in round after round of applause. P. M. Tamble, as "Poins," was easy and natural, and took his part well. A. K. Schmidt, in

the character of "Hotspur," was impetuous and fiery as became his character, without overdoing it, as is the case with many. J. French, as "Worcester," E. F. Riopelle, as "Northumberland," A. Burger, as "Vernon," P. Hagan, as "Douglas," and C. Clarke as "Prince John," all filled their rôles with great credit. M. B. Kauffman, as "Bardolph," W. Dodge, as "Peto," J. Kenny, as "Gadshill," W. Davis as "Francis" and W. J. Roelle, as "Quickly" were fully up to their parts. M. Katzauer, F. Rosa, R. P. Mayer, R. Golsen, A. Widdicombe, E. Raymond, J. Healy, F. Flanagan, G. Sugg, G. Lonstorf, C. V. Larkin, E. Davenport, J. Knight, A. N. Hamilton, W. Turnbull and W. Arnold took the remaining characters in such good style as to make the play delightful to all the auditors. Between the second and third acts, Mr. Carl Otto executed a *fantasia* on the piano in a very artistic manner for an amateur.

The play over, Very Rev. Father General complimented all the young gentlemen on their proficiency in acting. Taking the exhibition all together, it was one of the best we have witnessed on the boards at Notre Dame for a long time.

Personal.

—Thomas Dillon, of '71, was here on Thursday last.

—Mr. Wm. H. Dyhrenforth, of Chicago, paid the College a visit last week.

—Rev. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Cincinnati, Ohio, accompanied by Mr. Cressup, was at Notre Dame on the 1st.

—We are under obligations to Thos. B. Clifford, of '62, for a copy of "The Plot on the Queen's Head," by the author of "Ginx's Baby."

—Mrs. Hatt, of Goshen, Ind., Mr. Elmer Crockett of the *South Bend Tribune*, and a great many others, have visited us during the week past.

—Hon. John Gibbons, of '67, was the orator on the occasion of the decoration of the soldiers' graves at Keokuk, Iowa. Mr. Gibbons has a large law practice in that city.

—As will be seen by the announcement column, the friends of Prof. T. E. Howard have brought him out as candidate for County treasurer, subject to the decision of the People's Convention. If Prof. Howard should be the nominee of his party he will prove a formidable opponent to our choice, being honest and capable and having a good record both as a soldier and a citizen.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, paid us a short visit at the beginning of the week. The learned Bishop is in excellent health. We are pleased to learn that he will certainly be with us during the coming week. The Bishop is one of the hardest workers in the United States. Besides giving Confirmation in four places in two days, he during the same time took his place in the confessional in South Bend on Saturday, and preached at Notre Dame, Lowell, South Bend, and St. Mary's.

—Prof. T. E. Howard, of '62, who is now a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the People's Convention, was born near Ann Arbor, Mich., in the year 1837. He attended school at Ypsilanti, and in his 18th year entered the University of Michigan, where he remained for several years. He was at the age of twenty-one elected School Inspector, filling the office with credit to himself and advantage to all concerned. In the year 1859 he came to Notre Dame for the purpose of finishing his education. In the year 1861, he volunteered as a private in the 12th Michigan Volunteers, having previously refused a commission from the colonel of an Illinois regiment. He received in the war a severe bullet-wound in the neck, the bullet passing close to the jugular vein, and severing some of the tendons of the left arm. His wound rendering him incapable of further service, he was honorably discharged. Having completed his studies before his enlistment, he returned to Notre Dame, where, in June, 1862, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After

graduating he remained at the College, and a few years afterwards was appointed Professor of English Literature in the University. Prof. Howard was married in 1864 to Miss Julia Redmond, of Detroit, Mich., and has since lived in the enjoyment of domestic felicity near Notre Dame, where he has been constantly employed as Professor. Prof. Howard has published a "Grammar of the English Language" "Excelsior; or Essays on Politeness and Education," and a small volume of tales for the young, entitled "Uncle Edward's Stories." Should the people entrust him with the office of County Treasurer they will have in their service a conscientious and trusty officer, and will do themselves the highest honor.

Local Items.

—Has your class been photographed yet?

—Bulletins will be made out next Wednesday.

—Only eighteen days and then the Commencement.

—The Botanical Garden looks better than it did last year.

—The calciminers have been busy the past week on the College.

—The College building looks well in its new coat of yellow.

—All the shops at the Manual Labor School are filled with work.

—The evening recreations are now much longer than heretofore.

—It has been proposed to erect a hot-house here this coming fall.

—The examination of the music classes will begin on Saturday next.

—Although the weather is hot, all good students keep steadily at work.

—The mails are large daily. When vacation comes there will be a falling off.

—The strong wind and rain on Wednesday made baseball playing disagreeable.

—Three Bishops have promised to attend the Commencement exercises on the 20th.

—The examination of the members of the Senior Class will begin next Wednesday.

—What with base-ball, fishing, etc., the Wednesdays are passed with great pleasure.

—The Curator of the Museum has been promised many fine things this coming vacation.

—The cemetery adjoining the grounds of the Scholasticate has been put in fine order.

—The grass on the lawn in front of the College and new Church will be cut in a few days.

—The Thespians have not yet decided on the play to be given during Commencement-week.

—A large number of fine new specimens will be added to the collection now in the Cabinet.

—Invitations to the Commencement exercises will be sent off during the coming ten days.

—There are very few students in the Infirmary now. Who would be sick such fine weather?

—A number of new cases have been put up in Phelan Hall, for the philosophical instruments.

—The Minims, we hear, are to erect an arch for the procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi.

—To-morrow—Pentecost, or Whitsunday—solemn High Mass will be celebrated at the usual hour.

—A fine series of articles on "LOUISE LATEAU," by Miss Howe, will be begun in the *Ave Maria* next week.

—There are a great many here who will start for the Centennial a week or so after the Commencement exercises.

—The utmost diligence and attention still prevails in every department of the University. This is the best kind of news.

—We have seen letters from many of the old students in which they promise to be with us during Commencement-week.

—Too numerous to mention—candidates and potato-bugs. So far, the candidates are the most numerous, but not to any alarming extent.

—The young man who picked up the package on Tuesday last, in front of the College, is requested to return it to room No. 1, Third avenue.

—Prof. Lyons says that his soldiers who appeared on the 1st were the best drilled ever at Notre Dame, while his stage-managers were unsurpassable.

—The S. J. M's, we understand, are to meet at the Grand Central Hotel, South Bend, on the evening of the 19th. All members are requested to be present.

—The Scientifics intend to show their metal shortly in Phelan Hall. Two, we understand, are to make their appearance, but we have not yet learned their names.

—If you come to Notre Dame by the way of Niles, Mich., you should be sure to stop at the Bond House. Mr. McKay is an A No. 1 landlord, who will treat you well.

—On the 28th we were shown a magnificent string of rock and black bass caught in the upper lake by Messrs. Logan and others. Some of the fish were real beauties.

—The Competitions in the various classes are now all in; but still the examination has to tell its tale. Beware, boys: there is nothing done while there remains anything to do.

—A good way to make the celebration of the Feast of Corpus Christi grand would be to put up more arches than in former years. Let every one assist in making them.

—The boat-race during Commencement-week will, it is expected, be the closest ever rowed here. The crews are evenly matched, and so far the time made over the course each day has not varied more than a second.

—The St. Cecilians return their sincere thanks to Prof. T. E. Howard, Prof. Edwards, Bros. Leander and Basil, Messrs. C. Otto, Ball, Evers and McGuire for services rendered in connection with their last Exhibition.

—It has been remarked by most persons that the music at the St. Cecilian Exhibition was the most enjoyable we have had this year. We have yet to find one who is not pleased that the Band has been ruled out of the Hall.

—B. Francis Xavier is authorized to sell *at cost* what remains on hand of the beautiful sacred vases, church candlesticks, etc. Such articles can scarcely be found in the country at the prices at which they are to be sold by him.

—We understand that Greith's Mass op. 13, for the Tuesday of Commencement-week, is in rehearsal. It will be from the repertory of the Cæcilian Society. Besides the organ, there is to be a full orchestral accompaniment.

—A great many of the students shouldered their fishing-rods and betook themselves to the lakes on the afternoon of the 29th inst. Theirs was not the ordinary fishermen's luck, for most of them came back with good strings of fish.

—The Professor of Physics was disappointed in not getting additional instruments which he expected from France this last winter. He will, however, receive a number of very fine and costly ones from New York the coming vacation.

—Extensive preparations are being made for the Feast of Corpus Christi. The intention is to make the repositories, if anything, superior to those of former years. They will be erected at the Novitiate, the Calvary, and the Scholasticate.

—It is claimed that there will be more of the old students of the Scientific Department back during Commencement-week than those of the Classical. If there is, they will have to come in large crowds, for the Classics intend to come in force.

—The grounds at the rear of the College will shortly present as neat an appearance as those in front; but what we would like to see is the removal of the old steam-house; still it is destined to regale the eyes of visitors for at least six months to come.

—"It looks as if it were a stole," said old Mr. Sanctity,

regarding with complacent eye the elegant scarf which constitutes the regalia of the St. J. C. B. S. "Looks as if it was stole!" savagely rejoined the wearer—but we came away before the denouement.

—The walk from the boat-house around the upper lake, through the Scholasticate grounds, and thence along the lower lake to the College, makes as fine an evening promenade as one could wish for. Quite a number take advantage of the fine evenings for a stroll.

—By mistake in the call of the Class of '68, published in last week's SCHOLASTIC, the Grand Central Hotel was named instead of the Dwight House, as it should have been. Rooms have been already engaged at the Dwight House and the reunion will be held there.

—A walking-match took place on the Campus on the 29th inst. The distance was a quarter of a mile, and was made in the following time: Cavanaugh, 2 min. 40 sec.; Davis, 2 m. 31 s.; Burger 2 m. 29 s.; Henkle, 2 m. 10 s. Those who took part in the match were all preps.

—The May devotions ended Wednesday last, the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. The sermons delivered on the several evenings of the month, by Fathers Colovin, O'Connell, Hudson, Kelly and Walsh, were worthy of all praise, and were listened to with evident delight by all.

—The Minims played the "boss" game of the season with the following picked nine of Juniors: Nicholas Schubert, W. Arnold, Hally, Bell, J. Nelson, Corbin, Mosal and F. X. Goldsberry. They deserve the champion pennant for blanking their opponents each one of the five innings played.

—We omitted, unintentionally, to make mention of the candidacy of Prof. T. E. Howard, for the people's ticket, as a candidate for the office of county treasurer. Prof. Howard would be a strong nominee. He possesses all the requirements the office would command, and no one is more deserving than he.—*South Bend Register*.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, confirmed a large number of persons at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Rev. John Lauth pastor, last Sunday morning. In the afternoon he administered Confirmation to a great many at St. Joseph's Church, Rev. Peter Lauth pastor, and on Monday morning administered the same Sacrament to forty-three persons at Notre Dame. The same morning he also confirmed at St. Mary's Academy.

—In an advertisement of a leading educational institution, published in a weekly paper in an adjoining State, the terms mention that class-books and stationery would be furnished at "currant" prices. Why currants are taken as a standard of prices in preference to gooseberries or any other staple fruit, is a question with us. Besides, we should think the prices of currants would vary according to the supply and demand, as with other horticultural productions.

—The 20th regular meeting of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary was held on Sunday, May the 28th. A vote of thanks was tendered to the President, Rev. T. D. Collins, C. S. C., for favors received during the previous week. As several of the members were preparing to be confirmed the following morning, he addressed them on the importance and necessity of the Sacrament which they were going to receive, after which the meeting adjourned.

—On the afternoon of Thursday, the 25th ult., the second game for championship between the Juanitas and the Star of the East took place. It resulted in favor of the Juanitas, deciding the championship in their favor, and thus proved the final game of the series. Although the weather was warm the game excited quite a lively interest in those assembled. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Star of the East.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Juanitas.....	4	0	3	2	1	0	0	0	3	—13
	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
	6	3	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	—15

—A very valuable and curious astronomical instrument has just been invented by one of the scientists of the College, and is now set up in front of the College for inspection. It is a compound union back-action sundial on the

horizontal and vertical principle, warranted to keep solar time, and to correct all errors of the sun for every day in the year except four. It is believed it will be the only one at the Centennial, where it will be exhibited, or in the world. A patent has been applied for. It is well worthy of inspection.

—Although the subject of the Honors is explained in the Catalogue, yet we deem it appropriate to state, in a few brief words, the conditions on which the honors are granted. The first honor means that a student for two consecutive years has stood first-class on the record of discipline; the second honor, that his conduct has been irreproachable for one year. First honors may be awarded by a special vote of the faculty, even when an interruption has occurred in a student's course; second honors are also given to students who, although of two or more year's standing in the University, have not been deemed worthy of the first honor on account of some very slight misdemeanor. No student may expect a first honor unless he has in a preceding year figured on the second honor list.

—The services at St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Sunday forenoon, were of an unusually interesting nature. At 7 o'clock in the morning, the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne administered Holy Communion to a very large congregation. He also preached a beautiful sermon on "The Bread of Life." Solemn High Mass was sung at 10 o'clock, Rev. Peter Lauth celebrant, with Rev. John O'Connell as deacon, Rev. T. E. Walsh, subdeacon, and Rev. President Colovin, of the University, as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of service the Bishop preached a logical and eloquent sermon, clearly pointing out the Divine institution of the Sacrament of Confirmation. He explained the meaning of the forms used in the administration of the Sacrament and showed the reasonableness and the necessity of adhering to the old faith. At the conclusion of the sermon, the Bishop confirmed 124 persons nearly all of whom were children, although there were several well-advanced in life. The church was crowded, aisles and all, from the altar railing to the doors. Those who were late could not get into the church, and many were compelled to return home. In the afternoon the Bishop, accompanied by Rev. John Lauth, pastor of St. Patrick's, visited St. Joseph's Church, 4th ward. They were met at the corner of Hill and Water streets by the St. Aloysius and St. Joseph's C. B. Societies, and escorted to the church, where they were cordially welcomed by the Young Ladies' Sodality. The white dresses and veils of the Society formed a picture that was pleasing to look upon. Prof. A. J. Stace, on behalf of the Societies, delivered an address of welcome to the Bishop, in which the Professor acquitted himself with his usual grace and dignity. The presence of so many young ladies rather embarrassed our bachelor friend the Professor, but he triumphed over his difficulties, and finished up in true style. The Bishop responded in a few well-chosen words. Vespers were then chanted, during which the Bishop preached his third sermon that day. The church was crowded, and as the *Herald* reporter arrived late, he had to stand up as before. It was tiresome, but he bore it with a heroism peculiar to his calling. After Vespers, the Bishop confirmed forty-eight young ladies and young men. It was a most joyous occasion and will long be remembered by those participating and also by their zealous pastor, Rev. Peter Lauth.—*South Bend Herald*.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Brown, V. Baca, D. Byrnes, F. Bearss, F. Belford, F. Brady, F. Claffey, J. Connolly, R. Calkins, J. Cooney, T. Carroll, P. Cooney, J. Coleman, H. Dehner, I. Dryfoos, W. Dechant, J. Dempsey, Ewing, L. Evers, P. Flanigan, W. Fogarty, J. Gunn, A. Hertzog, J. Harkin, J. Hermann, P. Kennedy, J. Kreutzer, W. Keily, J. Krost, E. Monohan, P. Mattimore, P. J. Mattimore, H. Maguire, R. Maas, W. Murdock, S. Miller, P. McCawley, G. McNulty, L. McCollum, R. McGrath, J. McEniry, P. McCullough, M. McCue, S. McDonnell, P. Neill, J. Neidhart, H. O'Brien, J. Perea, T. Peifer, W. Pollard, L. Proudhomme, T. Quinn, W. Smith, C. Saylor, G. Saylor, F. Schlink, F. Vandervannet, R. White, C. Otto.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Arnold, W. Arnold, T. Byrnes, A. Bergck, J. Byrnes, A.

Burger, P. Boos, W. Connelly, J. Cavanaugh, W. Dodge, G. Donnelly, E. Davenport, F. Ewing, J. English, J. Foley, J. Fox, F. Flanagan, P. Frane, C. Faxon, H. Faxon, C. Gustine, R. Golsen, H. Henkel, W. Corbin, F. Hoffman, J. Healey, A. Hamilton, M. E. Halley, J. P. Kinney, J. Knight, M. Kauffman, F. Lang, J. McClory, M. McAuliffe, J. Mosal, G. Nester, D. Nelson, J. Davis, P. Hagan, J. French, J. Nelson, C. Orsinger, C. Peltier, F. Pleins, J. Perea, E. Riopelle, F. Rosa, J. Reynolds, A. Ryan, W. Ryan, W. Roelle, C. Roos, K. Scanlan, H. B. Scott, A. K. Schmidt, G. F. Sugg, W. Taulby, P. Tamble, W. Turnbull, N. H. Vanamee, W. A. Widdicombe.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

F. Carlin, A. Buerger, A. Bushey, F. Campau, J. Davis, M. Gustine, P. Heron, O. Lindberg, G. Lowrey, T. F. McGrath, P. Nelson, R. Pleins, G. Rhodius, J. O. Stanton, W. Coolbaugh, W. McDevitt, H. McDonald, L. Knapp, E. Oatman, J. Seeger, W. Smith, W. Van Pelt, G. Lambin.

Class Honors.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1876.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

GERMAN—C. Walsh, I. Dryfoos, P. Schnurrer, B. Heeb, R. Mayer, M. Kauffman, F. Vandervannet, E. Pefferman, A. O'Brien, R. McGrath, E. Gramling, P. Tamble, C. Orsinger, C. Clarke, W. Roelle, C. Myers, M. Cross, L. McKernan, J. Fox, D. Ryan, J. English, S. McDonnell, J. Byrnes, F. Belford, J. Cavanaugh, F. Hoffman, J. C. O'Rourke, W. Pollard, J. Haggerty, W. Byrnes, J. Herrman.

FRENCH—A. Hertzog, G. Gross, L. McKernan, J. B. Proudhomme, L. W. Proudhomme.

DRAWING—E. Raymond, A. Schmidt, J. McClory, J. Knight, E. Graves, R. Golsen, E. C. Gramling, J. Duffield, H. Henkel, P. Heron, O. S. Stanton, G. Rhodius, A. Hatt, J. Carrer, C. Clarke, F. Lang, O. Lindberg.

TELEGRAPHY—E. Atfield, T. C. Logan, J. McIntyre, J. McEniry, P. Corbett, C. Saylor, G. Saylor, I. Dryfoos, J. Hermann, J. Proudhomme.

PIANO—W. Breen, F. Maas, H. Cassidy, V. Baca, F. Rosa, J. Hermann, J. Campbell, J. Kreutzer, P. McCawley, D. Byrnes, T. Quinn, G. Sugg, W. Davis.

VIOLIN—I. Dryfoos, W. Chapoton, R. Maas, F. Keller, E. S. White, J. McHugh, W. Byrnes, H. Millen, A. Betcher, A. Schmidt, W. Taulby, C. Peltier, G. Streit, M. Kauffman, F. Hoffman, A. Burger, J. Carrer.

GUITAR—A. Hamilton, H. Leonard, A. Hatt.

FLUTE—J. English, H. Leonard.

CLARINET—R. Calkins.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Van Pelt, W. Cash, W. Coolbaugh, G. Lambin, J. Seeger, C. Bushey, S. Bushey, W. Smith, L. Knapp, E. Oatman, C. Long, H. McDonald.

GERMAN—A. Buerger, G. Rhodius, J. Seeger, F. McGrath, L. Frazee, R. Pleins.

MUSIC—F. Campau, G. Rhodius, W. Smith.

FRENCH—A. Bushey, F. A. Campau, C. Bushey.

Saint Mary's Academy.

—The past week has been rich in events. First in order the arrival of Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior General, on Tuesday, and the arrival of Mother M. Angela, Superior, on Wednesday. The reception programme was as follows: At 9.30 Wednesday a. m., the pupils went in procession with the Community to meet the Very Rev. Father at the east entrance of the Rosary Circle. Here the Minims formed themselves into a body-guard around him. Then the *Ave Maris Stella* was intoned, followed by the *Magnificat*. When the procession reached Loreto the *Te Deum* was chanted, and at its close the Very Rev. Father spoke to all present with true fatherly tenderness, expressing in eloquent words his gratitude to God for giving him the happiness of meeting again, after so many dangers, those who had so earnestly desired and prayed for his safety and return. . . . At half-past one, p. m., all gathered in St. Cecilia's Hall to witness the very beautiful and appropriate welcoming exercises prepared for the venerated and loved Superiors, whose return has spread universal joy among

the inmates of St. Mary's. The programme is as follows:

Entrance Overture (Weber) Piano—Misses Spencer and Nunning. Harp—Miss O'Connor.

Chorus—"Welcome to Very Rev. Father General"—Vocal Class; accompaniment, Miss Kreigh.

"Le joyeux Retour d'un Père"—French Classes.

"Titles of the Blessed Virgin"—Senior Department.

Cavatina, "Tacea la Notte," (Verdi)—Miss Devoto; accompaniment, Miss H. Julius.

"Freudige Rückkehr"—German Classes.

Juniors' Greeting and Minims' Speech.

Vocal Trio, "Welcome to Mother Superior"—Misses Foote, Spencer and Cavenor.

"Festival Commemorations"—Senior Department.

"Felicitation après la longue absence d'une Mère."

Cavatina, "Nobil donna," (Meyerbeer)—Misses O'Connor; accompaniment, Miss Spencer.

"Foreign Shrines."

"Centennial Greetings from Juniors and Minims."

Grand Finale from "Lucia," (Thalberg)—Miss O'Connor.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

A PLAY IN TWO ACTS.

Prologue—Miss Ritchie.

ACT FIRST, SCENES 1ST, 2D AND 3D.

APPARITION.

"Ave Maria" (Owens)—Misses Foote, Devoto and Cavenor.

SCENE 4TH.

Spinning Trio, (J. Eichberg)—Misses Cavenor and Devoto. Harp, Miss O'Connor.

Grand Fantasia, (Gounod)—Miss H. Foote.

ACT 2D, SCENES 1ST, 2D AND 3D.

Song, Varieati, (Proch)—Miss Foote.

SCENES 4TH AND 5TH.

"Sancta Maria," Vocal Trio, (Owens)—Misses Cavenor, Riley and O'Connor.

A Decade of the Rosary—Graduating Class. Chorus of Thanksgiving—"God is Great," from the "Creation," (Haydn)—Vocal Class.

Closing Remarks.

March for Retiring—Misses E. and A. Dennehey.

The pious drama was written especially as a feast-day offering to Mother Superior, but as she returned so near the time of celebrating her Feast, it was considered well to anticipate St. Angela's Day and make one grand demonstration of the reception festivities by uniting the two. The President of Notre Dame University and several other Rev. gentlemen were present. The Entertainment gave great satisfaction, for each one acquitted herself well. At the close, Very Rev. Father General expressed his thanks for the pains taken to honor the return of the voyagers, and his pleasure in witnessing the proficiency of the pupils in music, oratory and the languages. . . . On Ascension Day the following little girls were admitted to their First Holy Communion: Misses Mary Lambin, Della Gordon, Lucy Chilton, Mary McFadden, Ella Mulligan, Jennie Duffield, and Rosa Goldsberry. . . . On the afternoon of Ascension Thursday the following young ladies were admitted as members of the Sodality of the "Children of Mary," Very Rev. Father General officiating: Misses E. York, M. Usselman, M. Markey, E. Cannon, A. Dennehey, and M. Hogan. Miss T. Gaynor was received as an aspirant. . . . On Monday the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to the following young girls: Misses Lucy Chilton, Della Gordon, Mary Lambin, Mary Mulligan, Ella Mulligan, Jennie Duffield, Rosa Goldsberry, Clara Trull, Mary Feehan, Mary Davis and Mary McFadden. The Right Rev. Bishop gave a most beautiful instruction on the Sacrament then administered. . . . The Month of Mary has been replete with joy. The beautiful weather has rendered the early morning processions of the Children of Mary a most delightful devotion. The singing of birds mingling with the voices of the children formed a lovely concert of praise. The hours of study that followed this exercise of piety seemed to profit more than any other.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct

Department and Strict Observance of Rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Clarke, H. Foote, M. Riley, E. Dennehey, K. Joyce, A. St. Clair, L. Arnold, E. York, I. Reynolds, K. McNamara, L. Ritchie, J. Bennett, J. Nunning, M. Julius, M. Walsh, L. Henrotin, E. Mann, S. Hole, M. Cravens, A. Dennehey, R. Casey, K. Hutchinson, B. Spencer, H. Russell, M. and E. Thompson, S. Moran, M. Gaynor, E. O'Connor, I. Maas, S. and I. Edes, N. Tuttle, S. Swalley, E. Cannon, G. Wells, S. Cash, D. Cavenor, H. Hand, M. Usselman, M. Markey, L. Schwass, L. Leppig, F. Gurney, C. Morrill, C. Fawcett, L. Weber, A. McCormack, 100 *par excellence*. Misses A. O'Connor, M. Faxon, F. Dilger, M. Dunbar, L. Johnson, M. Brady, L. Kelly, A. Byrnes, A. Duncan, P. Gaynor, M. Spier, E. O'Neil, A. Henneberry, H. Julius, J. Kreigh, R. Neteler, M. Dailey, G. Welch, B. Siler, K. Casey, L. Fawcett, L. Tighe, A. Miller, N. O'Meara, L. Brownbridge, 100.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses N. McGrath*, A. Harris*, E. Lange*, M. Hogan*, N. Mann*, M. Hoffman*, E. Wight*, L. Chilton*, N. Johnson*, L. Merritt*, D. Gordon*, J. Mitchell*, J. Kingsbury*, B. Wilson, L. Faulkner, M. Redfield, A. Kirchner, A. McGrath, A. Cavenor, M. O'Connor, A. Cullen, M. McGrath, L. Hutchinson, L. Walsh, A. Morgan, M. Ewing, M. Mulligan, M. Schulthies, A. Koch, M. Derby, L. Kinsella, H. Dryfoos, M. Brooks, I. Fisk, J. Holladay, A. Peak, I. Mann, L. White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Ewing*, E. Mulligan*, E. Simpson*, C. Hughes*, M. Hughes*, F. Fitz*, J. Smith*, R. Goldsberry*, M. Lambin*, M. Feehan*, M. McFadden*, C. Trull*, J. Duffield*, A. Duffield*, L. Schnurrer*, A. Schnurrer*.

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PROF. ASA GRAY, PROF. J. S. NEWBURY.

A. E. FOOTE, M. D.,*Fellow of the A. A. A. S., Prof. Chemistry and Mineralogy.*

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	Arrive.	Leave.
Kansas City and Denver Express via Jack- sonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.....	3 10 pm	12 00 pm
Springfield and St. Louis Ex. via Main Line.....	7 50 pm	9 30 am
Springfield, St. Louis and Texas Fast Ex. via Main Line.....	7 30 am	9 40 pm
Peoria Day Express.....	7 50 pm	9 30 am
Chicago and Paducah Railroad Express.....	7 50 pm	9 30 am
Streator, Wenona, Lacon and Washington Ex.....	3 10 pm	12 00 pm
Joliet Accommodation.....	9 20 am	4 30 pm
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen. Supt.	J. CHARLTON, Gen. Pass. Agt.	

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Buren and Sherman streets, as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Omaha, Leavenworth and Atchison Express.....	10 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.
Peru accommodation.....	5 00 p.m.	9 35 a.m.
Night Express.....	10 00 p.m.	6 55 a.m.
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CONDENSED TIME TABLE. NOVEMBER, 1875.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,
Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side)
On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

3 Trains with Through Cars to NEW YORK.	No. 2. Day Ex. Ex. Sund'y	No. 6. Pac. Exp. Daily	No. 4. Night Ex Ex Sa & Su
Lv. CHICAGO.....	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 00 p.m.
Ar. FT. WAYNE.....	2 25 p.m.	11 35 "	5 20 a.m.
" Rochester.....	1 18 a.m.	11 12 "	5 58 "
" Pittsburgh.....	2 20 "	12 15 p.m.	7 05 "
Lv. Pittsburgh.....	3 10 "	1 10 "	8 10 "
Ar. Cresson.....			
" Harrisburg.....	12 05 p.m.	11 05 "	4 13 "
" Baltimore.....	6 25 "	3 15 a.m.	7 45 "
" Washington.....	9 10 "	6 20 "	9 07 "
" Philadelphia.....	4 15 "	3 10 "	8 05 "
" New York.....	7 35 "	6 50 "	11 15 "
" New Haven.....	11 10 "	10 49 "	3 36 p.m.
" Hartford.....	12 40 a.m.	12 23 "	5 55 "
" Springfield.....	1 35 "	1 00 p.m.	7 03 "
" Providence.....	4 25 "	3 48 "	7 40 "
" Boston.....	5 50 "	4 50 "	05 "

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L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, April 16, 1876, trains will leave South Bend as
follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a. m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo
9 50; Cleveland 2 40 p.m.; Buffalo 9 05.
10 36 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p.m.;
Cleveland 10 10.
12 27 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives
at Toledo 5 50; Cleveland 10 10; Buffalo 4 00 a. m.
9 11 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo,
2 40; Cleveland, 7 00; Buffalo, 1 05 p. m.
11 25 p. m., Fast Mail, Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 3 50 a. m.;
Cleveland 7 10 a. m., Buffalo 12 45 p. m.
7 00 p. m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 41 a. m., Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 p. m., Chicago 6 a. m.
5 06 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 6; Chicago 8 20 a. m.
4 54 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50;
Chicago, 8 20.
8 01 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 01 a. m.; Chi-
cago 11 30 a. m.
3 38 a. m., Fast Mail. Arrives at Laporte 4 28 a. m.; Chicago,
6 55 a. m.
8 55 a. m., Local Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

	*Mail.	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express
Lv. Chicago.....	5 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 00 p.m.
" Mich. City..	7 32 "	11 00 "	6 30 "	7 40 "	11 15 "
" Niles.....	9 02 "	12 09 p.m.	8 20 "	8 55 "	12 35 "
" Jackson.....	2 08 p.m.	3 55 "	Express.	12 40 a.m.	4 52 "
Ar. Detroit.....	5 45 "	6 25 "	10 15 "	3 30 "	8 00 a.m.
Lv. Detroit.....	7 00 a.m.	10 05 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 40 p.m.	9 50 p.m.
" Jackson.....	10 40 "	12 32 p.m.	7 15 "	9 25 "	12 42 a.m.
" Niles.....	3 45 p.m.	4 23 "	6 10 a.m.	2 30 a.m.	4 30 "
" Mich. City..	5 10 "	5 35 "	7 50 "	4 05 "	5 50 "
Ar. Chicago.....	7 30 "	8 00 "	10 20 "	6 30 "	8 00 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

Lv. South Bend—	8 15 a.m.	7 15 p.m.	\$9 00 a.m.	\$7 00 p.m.
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